

## Risky Business by [AllGoatsGoToHeaven](#)

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**Summary:**

The phone rings, and rings, and Steve's clutching it against his cheek. Breath short, palms sweating. A shell of what remained, a shell of the King Steve who used to dial a date with confidence. Woo girls over with ease. Sweet-talk them into his bed. He leaned against the kitchen island, phone clenched in-hand and waited. Listened to the tonal ring — ring.

And tried not to think about his breakup with Nancy.

Nerves bunched in his throat. So when the phone finally picked up, Steve just -

Started talking.

“Hey, Veronica.” Steve said. “I - Uh - Found your ad in an escort mag and wanted to invite you over tonight. It’s, ah - I live at 1872 Highland Boulevard. Loch Nora.”

Silence.

“Yeah, so. Let me know if you can come tonight. It’s just me home. Alone tonight, and - Yeah. Just wanna show you a good time.”

More silence.

Steve gritted his teeth. A good time? Christ, what a cookie cutter thing to say. What was wrong with him? He should have just-

“Harrington?” A deep - man’s voice sounded on the other line.

And Steve’s blood ran cold.

## Risky Business

### Author's Note:

I have so many Harringrove one-shots compiled on my phone like SO MANY SHORT STORIES that I just haven't gotten around to posting because 99% of them are porn without plot

and there's a part of me that wants to get it 'presentable' and give it SOME story and context before uploading but

WE ALL KNOW THATS NOT GOING TO HAPPEN SO I'M JUST GONNA START POSTING THINGS

♡ ♡ ♡

This one is inspired by the movie Risky Business! When I was watching the movie, I couldn't help but see so many parallels between the main character and Steve and thought it would be fun to make a short fic based off of it.

This one takes place post-Halloween party, a few days after Nancy broke up with Steve.

Steve's down on himself, and Billy's the new guy in town.

What could go wrong??

Special thank you to SabbathGoat for pushing me to finish and post this one!

I've had it 95% finished in my drafts for like a year now, so IT'S ABOUT TIME

ENJOY ♡  
SaberGhatz

"Risky Business"

*Steve Harrington | Billy Hargrove*  
One-Shot • Non-Established Relationship

♡ ♡ ♡

It was risky business.

But Steve's already got two bottles from the liquor cabinet drained, so. Whatever. He's gonna be in deep shit anyways.

His parents are out of town and, *well*. On a normal night, this would be the perfect time to call Nancy. Invite her over to spend the night, but -

Nancy's gone now. Broke up with him at Tina's stupid - Halloween party. Rumor has it she's ran off with Jonathan now, so.

Steve's alone.

The house was so empty - colder than he ever remembered. A mansion, all to himself, and yet. Steve hasn't brought himself to do much more than heat up a TV dinner. Lounge on the couch, catch a rerun of - God, he couldn't even remember. Wasn't paying attention. Just ate his soggy dinner, chased it down with more liquor.

Had the television turned up loud, tried not to think about all of the..

Empty rooms.

The long, leering hallways.

The high ceilings, the stairs and walls that sometimes creaked from Autumn chill and the rushing wind outside.

Tried not to think about what may be lurking just outside the window.

He'd drawn the curtains closed. Couldn't stand looking out into the woods. Hasn't even swam in his pool since the incident last year. And to this day, Steve always keeps his bat rolled underneath the couch.

Just in case.

Steve clutched the pillow in his lap, sunk in on himself and tried..

Not to think about the empty rooms, the empty halls, the empty space *next to him*.

The place where Nancy would always sit. Curl up with him, sometimes. Rub his arm, reassure him that everything was alright. That they'd killed the monster, closed the gate. And Steve would believe her.

He would believe her.

But now. Who knows, really. Maybe everything Nancy said was just.

*Bullshit.*

Steve tossed the pillow aside. Grabbed his dinner tray and stood up. Dragged his feet over to the kitchen. Scraped the leftovers into the trash, wasn't really hungry. Tossed away the whole tray.

Mind foggy, Steve lugged his feet across cold tile. He was shooting for the couch, but found himself just. Slumped against the barstool, leaning against the kitchen island. Out of energy. Felt like his shoulders weighed a thousand pounds. Made him hunch over and rest his head in his hands.

Christ, what was *wrong* with him?

He rubbed at his eyes - sore and tired. Didn't get much sleep lately, couldn't properly sleep alone. But his body was buzzing now. Burning from the inside out, warm from all that whiskey he'd downed.

Steve exhaled.

Didn't really intend to start rubbing himself over his shorts, but.

Once he started - *Fuck*, he had the house to himself anyways. So. Steve hummed. Licked his palm and slipped it beneath his waistband.

Drowned out his thoughts, drowned out reality. Let numbing pleasure flare through his bloodstream, slipped into the fantasy. Just needed to forget.

It didn't take much. Just a few coaxing motions had Steve filling out. Toes curling. Flexing into his palm, gently thrusting.

Drowned out the abyss, filled it with sickly sweet pleasure - Fleeting, but enough. *Enough* to make the weight fall off Steve's shoulders, and his world feel a little warmer.

Steve sighed. Started working up a steady rhythm.

“Mmnh...” Steve sighed. Felt precum drip down his shaft, rubbed it over and thrusted along it, and, “*Fuck-*“

Quickly, he spat into his palm. Worked that into the mix, too, and -

It was a little obscene how quickly he was coming undone.

On a normal day, Steve wasn't such a needy... *bitch*, okay.

No matter what that - Asshole, Billy Hargrove said.

But. It's not a normal night. Steve just got dumped two days ago, and has *frankly* hasn't had much action for, like, a few months prior either.

So, yeah. Steve's a little pent up.

And what started as a gentle grind gradually eased into a more demanding rhythm. Steve knitted his brows - closed his eyes and melted into the feeling, into the fantasy. Rubbed and rutted, imagined Nancy beneath him. Fingers tracing down the dip of her waist. Clenching and keening, thrusting into her wet heat.

Steve grunted. Found a comfortable rhythm, growing faster, faster-  
Wet his lips. Panting.

Harder and gruff, wet skin on skin - the *pound, pound, pound* - blood roaring his ears -

Grinding and sweating and squeaking sneakers and- “*King Steve* they used to call you, huh?”

Steve's eyes shot open. “Hu-“

Then the phone rang.

*“Jesus!”*

It made Steve jump out of his skin. Got a reaction out of him for sure. He cursed, shook his head. Who the Hell was calling him at this time of night? Idly, Steve leaned over and grabbed it with his - free hand.

“Harrington residence.” He drawled.

On the other line, there was a voice Steve didn’t recognize started droning along. Telemarketer. Trying to sell some shit.

“Yeah, *no*, not interested.” Steve interrupted.

He hung up the phone and sighed. Rhythm completely thrown off - Tossed back into the reality of his empty home, empty heart.

Steve groaned at himself.

Damn telemarketers. What the hell were they doing calling so late? It was half past eleven for Christ sake. Are they really the only people who want to call?

*Call.*

Steve's gaze wandered back to the telephone.

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Well, this was a bad idea.

A really, *really* bad idea, but.

Here Steve stood. Staring at the magazine in front of him. Sullen eyes, one track mind.

Phone in-hand.

Cause Steve had an idea. A terrible idea. But at least it wasn't as depressing as jerking off and drinking alone. That's what Steve told himself, at least, while he scanned the array of ads in front of him.

From his father's room, Steve had grabbed one of those - escort mags. The kind that lets you call just about anyone for a good time. All in the comfort of your own home.

He knows his dad always keeps a stash of them there, cause, well. It wasn't the first time Steve's *done this*.

Years ago, he and Tommy called up one of the ads. They were stupid teenagers, much younger. Tommy had instigated the whole thing, pressured Steve into calling. It was all fun and games. A joke.

That is, until Cassandra showed up on his doorstep. Platinum blonde locks, high heels, a sweet and intoxicating perfume. Tall and slender, with a voice like silk.

Needless to say he'd kicked Tommy out and let Cassandra stay as long as she pleased.

He had to pay, of course. So it wasn't long until Steve's father found out. Beat him senseless for it, too, but.

Steve was older now. He's faced worse monsters.

So he just stares, hollow, at the pages in front of him. Phone beeping impatiently in his hand. Waiting for a dial.

It was risky business.

But Steve holds the book open with a heavy thumb. Heavy heart, heart thudding, while he dials one of the numbers.

He dials it quickly. Carelessly. *Anxious*, for some reason. Each beep

bringing new nerves to the surface.

*And it rings.*

It rings, and *rings*, and Steve's clutching it against his cheek. Breath short, palms sweating. A shell of what remained, a shell of the King Steve who used to dial a date with confidence. Woo girls over with ease. Sweet-talk them into his bed.

He didn't have the patience for that right now. Didn't have the heart for it. Didn't have the pride to call up anyone from school, so -

So he leaned against the kitchen island, phone clenched in-hand and waited. Listened to the tonal ring — ring. And tried not to think about Nancy.

Nerves bunched and built in his throat.

So when the phone finally picked up, Steve just.

*Started talking.*

"Hey, Veronica." He said. "I - Uh, found your ad in the mag and I just. Wanted to invite you over tonight. It's, ah - I live at 18.. 72 Highland Boulevard. In Loch Nora."

Silence.

“Yeah, so, just. Let me know if you can come tonight. It’s just me home. Alone tonight, and uh - Yeah, just. Just wanna have a good time.”

More silence, and Steve gritted his teeth. Have a good time? Christ, what a cookie cutter thing to say. What was wrong with him? Should have just-

“*Harrington?*” A deep - *Man’s* voice accused, and -

Well, that rooted Steve in place.

“Wh. *What.*” Steve blinked.

“Jesus Christ...” The voice dipped to a hearty rumble. Honeycomb sweet, edged with danger, and - Familiar.

“*Who is this?*” Panic bubbled in Steve’s veins.

His hair raised on the back of his neck when the man on the other line *laughed*.

He’d recognize that laugh anywhere.

“Shit.” Steve breathed, “*Shit. Wrong number.*”

When he hung up, blood was roaring in his ears. He stood there, heart pounding.

Palms sweating. Mouth dry. Might black out, actually.

That *voice*, that *laugh*, and *alright, alright - King Steve!*

Steve’s heart leapt into his throat when the phone rang. Buzzed and buzzed, cutting through the crisp silence. And Steve was rooted in place. Cold sweat dripping down his temple. Christ.

*King Steve, everyone!*

Steve swallowed. Thick and nervous, and pumped full of adrenaline, and -

Steve yanked the phone off the wall. Brought it to his ear. Wouldn’t back down this time.

He was met with more laughter - But. Softer. Just a few chuckles, low and dangerous. It made Steve’s skin prickle.

Made him glance over his shoulder.

"*Jesus, Harrington.* Didn't think you were the type to rent whores on daddy's dollar." Billy's voice was thick and charged. Taunting, but invigorating. It made Steve's teeth clench, blood kindle. "What's the matter? Ain't scorin' like you used to now that I'm here?"

"What do you want, man," Steve drawled. Managed to keep his voice level.

"What do *I want?*" Billy made some gross smacking sound with his teeth.

Steve could practically see the guy - Lounging in his bed, phone propped against his shoulder. Hargrove smoked like a chimney - Probably had one trapped between his big bleached grin right now.

"Wanna know why you're waking me up at midnight for a booty call." He said. Said it like it was nothing. Like it was a regular occurrence for him. Casual, as if Steve's heart didn't drop to his stomach at the mere scenario.

"I " Steve's jaw slacked. *Gob-smacked.* "Yeah, no. I told you, I dialed the wrong number, alright."

"One hell of a slip-up." Billy chimed. Suspicion laced through a voice that was raw with sleep, gravelly in a way Steve had never heard before.

It made Steve gnaw his lower lip. Brought him back to basketball practice, back to Hargrove - Spitting degradation in his ear, *roughing him up* right in the middle of the court.

The guy was a *dick*. Trying to humiliate him, that's all, but - Jesus, he couldn't just. Pretend he didn't feel Hargrove's hard-on pressing against him on the court that day. Pretend he didn't steal a glance or two in the locker room afterwards. Pretend he didn't watch Billy prowl down the halls after school, always watched him walk away.

But, no. It wasn't like that. Steve was just - *Curious*. Wanted to know what all the fuss was about, that's all. Nancy had just broken up with him, so. It's. Only natural for him to size up the new competition.

"Having a hard time believing my number is just one slip-up away from some whore in an escort mag."

Billy's voice brought Steve back to reality.

Rooted him in place

"Yeah. Well." Steve huffed. "It is. Okay. Listen, man, you can go back to sleep now, alright. Sorry to bother you."

Steve slammed the phone down. Eyes wide, cheeks hot. A little shook up. He wiped his hair back, tried to ignore the insistent *heat* pressing

beneath his navel. His heart pounding in his ears.

Steve looked at the phone when it rang again, immediately.

He groaned.

And Steve's gonna blame his dick for stealing all his blood flow.  
Wasn't thinking clearly, that's why -

He answered again.

"Hey." Billy scolded. Voice like steel, sounded like a completely different person. "Quit getting cold feet. If you're gonna make your move, don't be a bitch on the follow-through."

"What.." Steve said, bewildered at best.

"It's just..." Billy paused. Sighed - calculated and cruel. "I think you *meant* to call me." He rumbled. "And you just don't wanna admit it."

Billy's honeycomb voice sent a surge of heat through Steve's skin. Brought him back to the shared shower stalls, where Billy always made a point to stand next to him. Stripped naked, showered right there, and it was impossible - Not to look.

*“Starting to think you like what you saw earlier.”* Billy added.

Sizing Billy up, that’s all Steve was doing.

Scoping out the new competition.

“It’s Friday night, Harrington.” Billy’s voice hummed on the other line, “Really couldn’t wait two more days to see me again?”

Steve could practically feel Billy’s gaze on him. The one that demanded his attention - Cold and inviting all the same, wicked and beautiful. Caught in a rip-current, Steve couldn’t look away. Couldn’t think. Couldn’t win this fight. Can’t fight a rip-current.

Just need to ride it out.

Steve ran his fingers through his hair. Looked over his shoulder like someone could be standing there, like someone could hear their conversation.

*“Am I right?”* Billy pressed.

“Can’t say shit like that, man.” Steve urged through his teeth.

On the other line, Billy sighed. “Listen, I get it.” He mumbled. “Small

town. People talk. I know how it is. Trust me.”

“Wh-“ Steve gaped.

“So I’ll let it slide - This time.” Billy said. “But next time? Drop the act. Grow a pair and call me by my name. Alright?”

Steve blinked. Head spinning, breath caught in his throat.

“*And don’t... Lie to me again.*”

Steve gaped. Head spinning, couldn’t find the words. Trying so hard to connect the dots, to wade through the twists and turns as Billy kept talking -

“Kapeesh?”

Steve nodded. Nodded, then realized Billy couldn’t see him, so -  
“Yeah. Yeah, okay.”

The silence drew out for a second or two. Felt like a physical entity, keeping Steve on his toes. Hoping Billy would clear up what the Hell he was getting at when -

“I’ll see you soon, King Steve.”

A loud click, and then the phone line was beeping.

Buzzing in Steve's ear.

Oh.

"Oh no."

\*\*

Steve was fucked.

He was so - *soo* fucked.

He kept pacing. Biting his nails. Straightening his hair. Billy wasn't *really* coming over. There's no way. He couldn't be. He was just being a dick. Trying to rile Steve up, that's all.

And if Billy was - If he really was...

Then Billy was coming over to kill him! That's it. It all makes sense, now. Billy can't kill him at *school*, so he's going to kill Steve in his own home! Fantastic. Great.

“Jesus Christ.” Steve huffed. “Shit.”

He paced around like his ass was on fire. Nerves making him lose it. Couldn’t sit still. Couldn’t think straight.

Fifteen minutes in, Steve put on a record. Couldn’t stand the silence anymore.

Spent that time working on his stance. Swung his bat around, practiced his form.

Thirty minutes in, Steve flipped the record to the B side. Energy subsiding, just a little. Mulled around with the bat over one shoulder, occasionally opening the fridge and snacking on whatever he saw first.

Forty five minutes in, Steve let the record repeat. Popped open a forth can of beer and downed it. Steve didn’t know where Billy lived, but the furthest place from Loch Nora was *Cherry Lane*, and Steve doubted Billy lived in *that shithole*, so.

He probably just.

Wasn’t coming.

It was a relief, really. Steve wasn't exactly sober. Probably wouldn't be able to land a good swing right now, anyways.

Steve collapsed on his dad's arm chair. Pretty woozy, too drunk to be upset. Or angry. Just tired.

He sighed. Idly humming to Rolling Stones, spinning on the record player. Ran his fingers over the nails in his splintered, stained bat. And convinced himself he made the whole thing up.

Steve could have fallen asleep like that.

Almost did, but.

Then his Rolling Stones record got louder. Amped up, and Steve gave it a sideways glance. Confused at best, because as the music got louder he realized it wasn't Rolling Stones at all.

Some hard rock song. One Steve heard on the radio awhile ago, but Steve didn't own any album from The Scorpions -

Then a roar cut through the guitar solo. And headlights glared through the sheer curtains.

Steve stilled.

Frozen.

Listened to the engine's roar subside to an invigorating, steady rumble. Then the headlights dimmed. The guitar solo stopped.

Steve clutched the nail bat in silence.

When the doorbell rang, it send a jolt through Steve's body.

It rang.

Rang.

Rang again.

And again. And again. And -

*"Holy shit."* Steve stalked over to his front door, "Hang on."

Palms sweating, he approached the door with irritated strides. Whipped open the door. And there was Bil- *whoa*.

*Billy Hargrove.*

Steve barely recognized him. Had never - seen his hair so neatly curled and - voluminous. Falling in thick ringlets over his shoulders. He wore a heavy leather jacket, which was properly roughed up - scuffed edges and worn out material, but - Suited him. Fit him him like a glove, too, tight over his - Open button-up polo. Blue, the same color of his eyes - Tucked into dark denim jeans.

When Steve met his gaze, Billy was sizing him up. Flashing him a pearly grin. “So this is it.” He announced, “King Steve’s castle.”

“Jesus.” Steve breathed. He combed his fingers through his hair, suddenly aware of how messy it was “Cut it out with that crap, man, come on.”

Billy planted a palm against the doorframe. Leaned in with a wolfish grin, and Steve got a strong whiff of cologne. A thick, heavy musk. Bombarding. But it didn’t do much to mask the scent of Marlboro reds - the only reminder this was the same Billy that Steve sees in class on the daily.

Steve had a monologue.

A whole plan of what he was going to say when - if - Billy showed up. But when he looked in Billy’s eyes, he just - Couldn’t remember. Felt woozy, casually leaned against the doorframe to keep his stance tall.

“Surprised to see me?” Billy hummed. “Jesus, Harrington, you look

like you've seen a ghost."

"No, it's just. I mean, yeah." Steve combed his hair back. Hyper-aware of his own disheveled look - A big sweater and shabby jeans. Didn't get ready. Didn't even brush his damn hair, but.

Fuck it.

Billy drove all the way here for a reason. There was no one around. No bravado necessary, no one to scrutinize. So Steve put his hands on his hips. Let his eyes wander and prayed he wasn't falling into a trap.

"It's just." Steve's brows cocked. He regained his footing enough to recover with a brisk, "You look good."

Billy smiled, smug. He put his whole weight on the doorframe, and God their faces were close.

"You gonna let me in?" He purred.

And if Billy was going to start throwing punches, he - *probably* - would have started by now, so -

"Uh - Yeah. Yeah." Steve stepped back, opened the door wider, "Be my guest."

Billy's lips pulled into a tight smile. Fingertips grazing the red wood door while he stepped inside. Didn't care to take his boots off, just - Strolled right in. Looking up while Steve was looking down. Gazing at the Harringtons' wide hallways, tall roofs - Staircase, while Steve was - well.

He couldn't help it. Couldn't take his eyes off the way Billy's jeans rode up his ass when he walked, cupping and folding in all the right places, and - Oh god, he was *way* too drunk for this -

Billy turned around, and Steve was quick to look away. Close the door behind them.

Billy gestured. "Am I supposed to show myself around, or—" He paused. Grinned, taunting. "You gonna lead the way?"

Steve's jaw went slack. Blood racing, heart pumping. Liquor doing nothing to hide the way his heart leapt when their eyes met. Made Steve feel like he was crawling out of his skin. Couldn't read Billy's intentions clearly. Had so many questions that he couldn't breach - Couldn't bring himself to say -

So many thoughts entering his mind at once. So much uncharted territory.

"You know, I was thinking. Ah." Steve wet his lips, pointed in the general direction of the kitchen. "Thinking we could grab a drink."

“Whatever you say,” Billy replied, brisk.

And Steve brushed by him, led him towards the kitchen. Could feel Billy’s presence - like a shadow - behind him. Made Steve antsy, and he fought the urge to glance over his shoulder. Could feel Billy’s gaze burrowing into the back of his head - made Steve sweat. Made his skin prickle. Bracing for an attack that never came.

His heavy boots sounded like thunder, storm brewing between them, brewing in Steve’s belly, fogging his brain. He was so stupid. Should have never opened that mag - Should have paid closer attention when he dialed -

Felt delirious. Having Billy Hargrove in his home was far from the strangest thing he’d experienced in his life, but. It was up there. Definitely up there.

Billy’s only been in Hawkins for a week, but he’s made his presence clear. His intentions, on the other hand, were much more muddy. But one thing’s for sure.

He’s bad news.

When Steve snapped back to his senses, he realized Billy was no longer following him.

He glanced over his shoulder, found Billy at the foot of the hallway. He was studying a photo on the wall - the only family portrait in this

god forsaken place.

“She’s pretty.” Billy said.

“What?”

“Your mother.” Billy added.

“Oh. Uh - Thanks.” Steve said. “I guess.”

Billy broke into a grin, offered a chuckle. “Can see where you get your looks from.”

“Yeah, ah...” Steve leaned against the doorway. “I don’t really take after my dad. Much at all. You?”

Billy’s expression turned stone cold. Guarded. And Steve swallowed, thick and uneasy, cause that -

That’s the Billy Steve knows.

But Billy smiled through his distaste, lips pulling back in a sour grimace. He motioned down the hallway. “Thought you were showing me where daddy keeps his liquor.”

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“Jesus, this shit ain’t cheap.” Billy commented, foraging through the liquor cabinet while Steve poured a glass. “You sure no one’s gonna notice these are gone?”

Steve shrugged. “Probably. But. You know.” He slid Billy his drink. “Screw ‘em.”

Billy raised his brows, then his glass to that. He downed the liquor with - Impressive haste - Then exhaled heavily, a throaty groan. Barely even winced.

He wiped the corner of his lip with his tongue. “How long are the mister and missus out of town?”

“Uh,” Steve shrugged, slumped over the island. “I dunno. Awhile.”

Billy exhaled through his nose, but he wasn’t amused. “*You don’t know?*”

“Yeah. Probably ‘til Monday or something.“

Billy promptly helped himself to another glass.

“Gone on another one of their business trips, or whatever.”

Billy’s lips tightened. “Must be nice.”

Steve glared, brows furrowing.

“Having this whole kingdom to yourself.” Billy pressed the glass to his lips and tipped it back - chugged.

“Yeah, well, it’s not as nice as it looks, alright buddy.” Steve summed up in one brisk breath. Avoided eye contact this time.

“Mmh.” Billy swallowed, set the glass down. Gazed at Steve through heavy lashes, “Lonely at the top?”

Steve pursed his lips. Let out a brief sigh, and finally gathered himself enough to face it. Face him. “What do you want, man.”

“Wanted to see if you were serious. If you’d let me in.” Billy shrugged, like that was an answer at all.

“Huh?”

"Tell me, Harrington. How'd you get my number." Billy rushed out, brows pinched in suspicion, "Was it Tommy? Or did you hunt me down in the yellow pages?"

"*Tommy?*" Steve blinked, gaped a little, "Why would - No, I didn't look up your number, man." Steve insisted. "Told you, I dialed you by accident. C'mere. Look."

Steve gestured then walked over to the magazine, still laid out on the edge of the kitchen island.

Billy sauntered over. Picked it up, mumbled the number aloud. Sure enough, it was just a number away from his own.

"Wow," Billy chuckled, "This is..."

"See." Steve planted his hands on his hips, defensive while Billy scanned the pages.

"...Really sad." Billy said.

"...What do you mean!" Steve blurted.

"Just—" Billy shook his head, "Didn't think King Steve needed to *pay* to get laid."

“...I don’t!” Steve blurted.

“Oh, yeah?” Billy said. Held up the mag. “Then what’s this?”

Steve stood still. Gnawed on his lip, palms sweating on his hips.  
“Well... You showed up at the drop of a hat.”

Billy’s knuckles turned white around the magazine. But despite it all, he laughed. A loud chuckle, all teeth and charm and -

Steve bit his lip, nerves eased from the liquor. Gave him a warm comfort, made it easier to keep a level eye contact with Billy’s fierce gaze as he stood up. He kicked the barstool aside with a sudden *outburst*. Strutted over, and -

“*You think that’s what this is?*”

Yep, this is the part where Steve dies.

Billy stepped in close, and. It felt like a challenge. Steve fought to keep his stance, but stayed put when Billy rocked his shoulders. Raised his jaw when Billy stepped into his space and stared.

Heart pounding, storm brewing and building, and -

When Billy wet his lower lip, heat prickled beneath his skin -

"It's not?" Steve blurted. Yep, definitely one too many drinks.

Billy's cold stare softened. Then he cracked. Threw his head back with a bout of shrill *laughter* and yeah.

Yeah, Steve was so. So dead.

Steve felt short of breath. Like Billy's presence was sucking all his air out, like he couldn't move. The calm before the storm.

Like lightning, Billy struck. Shoved Steve's chest, pushed him up against the wall.

And when Billy closed in, Steve's whole body tingled. Betraying him. Sweating and beating, blood racing.

Surging beneath his navel, taut and heavy at the mere *heat* of another body, and *God* he really should have just beat off and gone to bed, cause -

Billy definitely noticed.

Gave a silent glance down, a glance that spoke every word that

needed to be said, and ones that couldn't.

He met Steve's wide eyes for a beat or two. Grip tightening on Steve's arms, holding him in place. Then Billy leaned in. Grinning. And Steve could feel Billy's breath - hot on his ear.

He looked at Steve like he knew something. *Something Steve didn't*.

"Ain't easy keeping a *big secret* in a *small town*, is it, Harrington." He mumbled. Pressed his thigh between Steve's legs, grinded. And Steve gasped. Miraculously kept his composure.

And despite it all, Billy's words brought back a vision of a darker reality - An alternate world. One that swallowed Barb whole. One swarming with Demogorgons. *Monsters*. Clawing their way to the surface of Steve's conscious -

And just like that -

Billy didn't seem so scary anymore.

"You..." Steve breathed, "Don't know the half of it."

"Are you good at it?" Billy rumbled. "Keeping secrets."

“Yeah.” Steve whispered.

Billy’s eyes were blown wide. Curious and - guarded, gaze fluctuating. Maybe even nervous. But he raised a brow. Gaze burrowing into Steve. Scrutinizing, deciding -

“I’m really good.” Steve offered. Rested his palm on Billy’s waist.

“Mmh.” Billy affirmed.

He leaned in, and Steve closed his eyes. Anticipated it, but didn’t expect Billy to go for the *throat*. A flicker of tongue, then all teeth. Chapped and rough, stubble grinding against Steve’s skin. Calloused fingers rucking up Steve’s shirt - kneading pale hips.

“Fuck,” Steve breathed. Clutched Billy closer, drowned in his touch, his scent, his very presence. Looming and dangerous, addictive. Suave and electric, left Steve’s hair standing on end and heart pounding in his jeans.

Billy pulled back. Barely got a chance to survey Steve’s expression before he was leaning in. Pressing his lips to Billy’s.

It was all sharp teeth and wet lip, harsh grind and heavy cologne - Marlboro and Vermouth.

Billy pulled back, and Steve dove in again. Made Billy groan. He

coaxed Steve's mouth open this time, moaned right into him, and God it went straight to Steve's dick. Pressing and aching in his jeans.

Billy moved away, only to glare into Steve's eyes. Riled up, every synapse fired to life. He clenched his grip on Steve's shirt, slammed Steve against the wall.

Caught him off guard by the look of it.

Then Billy rocked his shoulders, gaze never once breaking Steve's sight. He looked stern. Serious and *frazzled*, and Steve used this moment to catch his breath. Found it difficult to do so.

*"Listen to me."* Billy said. Voice like rotten honeycomb, sickly sweet. Dangerous. He leaned in. *"No one."*

Let the word sink in. Made sure Steve got it.

*"Is going to hear about this. You understand?"*

Slowly, Steve nodded. Caught off guard by the switch in Billy's bravado. Tried to calm him down by reaching out -

*"Hey!"* Billy trapped his wrist with a brutal *strength* that made Steve's heart race. *"You hear me?"*

Steve gaped, nodding again. Heart thrumming in his ears, cock aching cause Billy was pressing, grinding. Holding Steve so tight, eyes like a caged animal-

“You know what happens to faggots in small towns.” Billy huffed. Eyes dark, serious.

The word took Steve by surprise. Made his eyes widen, lips part. But he didn’t speak - too captivated. Watching Billy’s every move, shivered when Billy took his index finger and dragged it across Steve’s neck.

Dead.

Billy licked his lip, “And if word gets out - *I'll kill you myself*. So you best keep your pretty mouth shut.”

And with his free hand, Steve reached out. Placed two fingers, a gentle touch, in the square of Billy’s chest.

He glanced down - down at the necklace he was touching. Wrapped his fingers around it and pulled.

*Secrets* were no stranger to Steve. He’d live the rest of his life with the Upside Down stored deep in his memory. Never to be revealed.

“Told you.” He said. Mouth dry, felt like cotton. He wet his lips. “I

know how to keep a secret.”

And just like that, Billy went easy. Broad and heavy, pressing Steve against the wall and pressing his whole weight into him. Swept off his feet.

Steve gasped when Billy grabbed him. Herded him along. Feet tangled, rooms blurred by, and then Steve was being thrown down against the family room couch.

He could barely stop to gasp for air before Billy’s hands were on him again - white knuckling his waist, throwing him over on his knees, thumbs down his waistband, and -

“Whoa.” Steve breathed, “Whoa, *Whoa, Hey, Wait-*“

Billy paused. Breath heavy behind Steve’s ear, “What.”

“Can’t just- Whoa-“ Steve grunted, “*Easy, Tiger.*”

Billy backed off to let Steve flip over, hair thoroughly tousled. “I’ve just-“ Steve sighed, “Never done this kind of thing before, alright.”

Billy smirked. “Princess waitin’ til marriage?”

Steve scoffed. Shook his head, “Not with, ah-“ Steve sighed, “Not with, you know, another guy.”

“..*That so.*” Billy purred. He popped his tongue, gazing at Steve in wonder. Almost looked - excited at the news.

“Yeah.” Steve said, “So...”

“Hm.” Billy smiled, lashes heavy while he gazed down Steve’s body, landed between his legs. Then met Steve’s gaze. Batted his lashes. “Well. I can teach you, if you’d like.”

Steve glared. “Teach me what. I know how it works.”

“*Oh, you do.*” Billy raised his brows. “So I guess you know all about taking a *cock* down your throat, that right?”

Steve’s brows raised. “I, ah- Hm.”

Billy smirked. “Lean back.”

Steve did as he was told. Leaned back on the couch, eyes going wide while Billy knelt down. Got on his knees, spread Steve’s legs. And they both gazed at the outline of Steve’s cock - pressing and pulsing against tight jeans.

Billy ran his tongue over his teeth. Looked torn between excitement and envy while he drawled, “Grower and a shower, huh.” He exhaled, popping open Steve’s button. Unzipping his jeans. “Well aren’t you just a lucky bastard.”

Steve exhaled, smile fitting on his face. Delirious and hot with all that vodka in his veins. He helped Billy tug his jeans down. And with just a thin pair of boxers between them, Steve felt heat rise to his cheeks, his neck. It was absurd. Steve never got flustered, not like this, but-

Well, it was all just - new. Billy was new. Exciting.

And the way Billy was looking at him. Steve wondered, fleetingly, if Billy had finally bitten off more than he could chew.

Cause Billy was gazing between Steve’s legs, lashes heavy and eyes wild. Dare Steve think he looked impressed.

“King Steve...” Billy chuckled. Ducked in, and licked Steve right over the fly.

“Oh, shit-“ Steve twitched. “Oh... hah-“

Billy glared up at him. Rubbed up the length of Steve’s cock with his thumb and index. Started massaging through the fabric.

“Oh, my god-“

Billy's brows raised. Watched a dark stain gather and spurt at the tip of Steve's boxers.

So Billy reached up - tugged Steve's boxers down enough to let him breathe, and Billy swallowed. Felt like a bitch, salivating at the mere sight as he stripped the fabric down and down, but listen -

Ever since Billy got to this god forsaken town, it's been Hawkins cows for miles, and - Well, Billy hasn't been with another guy since - the incident in California. The incident that landed him in this shithole town to begin with.

Hawkins was supposed to be a fresh start, but.

Billy slapped Steve's thigh. "*Take 'em off.*"

Old habits die hard.

And while Steve hurried to push them down, slip them off his legs, Billy, he-

Tried to keep his composure. To breathe away the heartbeat in his jeans, to contain the monster bubbling beneath the surface. But it was difficult. Difficult with - all that in his face.

Steve leaned back, let his dusky pink cock slap against his belly. And Billy chased it, kissing the base. Licked all the way up, made Steve moan out.

Billy grabbed his hips. Held him firm. Slipped his fingers between the soft cushion and the tender weight of Steve's balls. Gave them a quick squeeze, and Steve hitched. Bucked his hips, started dripping all over the place.

“Fuck,” Steve breathed, “Sorry, just-“ Steve bit his lip. Rolled into Billy’s touch, into the firm clasp of his palm. “Mnnh...” Dribbled another burst of pre, slicked up Billy’s hand with it.

“*Christ*, Harrington. Leakin’ like a faucet. And I haven’t even started yet-“ Billy huffed. “Gotta warn me before you cum, got it?”

“Not gonna.. *cum yet*, man - it’s just-“ Steve let out a breathy laugh. “...Been awhile, y’know.”

“Hmm.” Billy wet his lip. Gave Steve a slow lick before pulling off. Exchanging his tongue for a heavyset grip, stroked the base of Steve’s thick, pretty cock.

“Jeez-“ Steve bit his lip. Exhaled, heavy. Toes curling. “H’ah-“

Then Billy locked eyes with him. “What about the princess? Not much action?”

*No, not really.*

“Ah- Hah. Well, Nancy didn’t really-“ Steve’s breath hitched, cause Billy was moving faster now. “Like giving head, so.”

“Jesus Christ.” Billy drawled, “Well, watch. This is important.”

He pulled back, leaving Steve winded. Curious. Cause this is the part where most girls got sheepish - could barely fit their lips around him let alone take him very deep.

Gaze a little fuzzy, the liquor was really kicking in. Steve's heart was beating in his throat. Rapid and heavy. Lazy eyes barely following Billy's hand when he raised it.

Billy crossed his thumb. Clenched it down with his other fingers, and Steve was thoroughly confused.

“Helps with the gag reflex.” Billy informed. Let his tongue roll out, dramatic in the way he wet his lower lip.

Then promptly sunk down.

“*H-oh, my God!*-“ Steve breathed. Lashes fluttering at the scorching heat, taking him in. Taking him - Deep. Deeper and deeper, and -

“Jesus.” Steve breathed. In Heaven. Hitched when Billy’s nose touched his belly, hair tickling and curling against pale skin.

And no ones ever been able to take Steve, not that far -

Steve gripped the side of the couch, couldn’t focus on anything but the blinding heat, the brush of Billy’s tongue, his throat. Made Steve’s eyelids heavy when Billy started bobbing, just slightly. Just enough to make Steve’s fingers curl and his chest flush.

Billy grunted. Inhaled loudly through his nose, swallowed. Swallowed again. Constricting.

“*Fuck,*” Steve groaned. Couldn’t stop - was probably filling Billy’s damn ego, but he was - *Breathless*.

Billy’s *good*. Of course he’s good - He’s good at everything he does. But even this? It wasn’t fair.

Billy pulled off, all the way off. Pulled back with a strained, dirty groan. Voice raw. He tossed Steve a fearsome grin, mumbled a cheeky, “See?”

“H’oh, my god.” Steve was still reeling. Needed to get that feeling back. Needed Billy to do it again. “Wha- How did you -“

“Not gonna be able to do that on your first try, though, so.” Billy rocked forward, spat on his palm. “Want you to use your hands, too.”

“H’ohh, fuck-“ Steve sighed. Eyes rolling when Billy stroked and stroked, tightened and loosened his grip at the base. Steve fluttered his eyes shut, felt so good-

“Hey.” Billy snapped.

Commanded by his tone, Steve met Billy’s gaze through sleepy eyes.

“Don’t let me catch you dreamin’, pretty boy. *Eyes on me..*”

The pet name went straight to Steve’s gut this time. Winding tight and heavy in Billy’s hand. Hips jerking, leaking out - *so much pre.*

So much, that it caught Billy’s attention. He leaned in, licked right over the head of Steve’s cock. Hummed when Steve replaced it with more, leaking all over Billy’s chin.

And Billy’s eyes grew heavy. He stretched his jaw wide, took Steve’s length with a groan. Started stroking at the base, sucked and sunk down further.

And Steve swallowed, thick and heady. Thought, for a fleeting moment, that he was glad his original plan had failed-

Cause Billy - he was *damn* good at this.

Illuminated by the flickering television. Kneeled at Steve's feet, stuffed full. Full of pretty moans and a dangerous touch. Muscles tensing and flowing, head bobbing. Drooling everywhere, real sloppy and wet. Felt saliva pooling at the base, dripping down his balls. Took Steve in, deep, again - so sloppy and loud.

Cheeks flushing at the sounds Billy made - Grunting and moaning out, gaze glassy and gone.

And Steve gritted his teeth. Curled his toes, ran his fingers through his hair. Couldn't keep it together much longer. Needed. Just *needed* -

Expected Billy to resist, but Billy stiffened - *moaned out* when Steve thrusted. Brows twisting for a moment of discomfort, then he groaned and sunk down further.

*Chased it.*

"You like that?" Steve asked. Cheeky and sweet, and Billy glared.

Whole body jolting when Steve thrusted again, punched right down his throat.

Billy growled. Didn't pull off, so Steve did it again. Fucked into that scalding heat, thrusted, thrusted, *arched his back* -

Ran his palms up Billy's shoulders, up his neck, felt Billy's whole body give a shudder. He pulled up, husky and spent only to urge -

*"Pull my hair."* He ordered. "Don't stop 'til you blow down my throat, you hear me?"

Steve's belly bloomed at the mere proposal. Had to take a second to gather himself -

"C'mon, King Steve--" Billy spat. "C'mon- *m-mh!*"

Steve shoved his cock back in Billy's mouth. Finally, an efficient way to shut him up.

Steve sunk his fingers in Billy's dirty blonde curls. Clenched at the roots. Held him in place. Pulled and Billy growled.

And Steve fucked into Billy with raw desire, desire gone primal, spurred on and powerful, lit that fire in his belly.

"Mmh!" Billy's fingers turned to claws. Scraping down Steve's thigh, scooping him closer.

Billy snarled. Fearsome and strangled, and-

Steve would have pulled him off - asked if he was okay - if it weren't for Billy's death grip. Egging him on.

Navel going taut - Heat and pleasure winding and flooding, built up so tight, tight -

"I'm g-“ Steve breathed. “*Fuck*, I'm gonna cum-“

Steve knuckled Billy's hair. Fucked into that blinding heat, pleasure pooling and tightening until ecstasy began to flare. Flooded through his whole body, made his back arch, whole body flush and tense and

Steve's eyes rolled, moaning out at the heat, the burning pleasure. Arched his back, bursted down Billy's throat.

Billy's whole body jerked. Steve felt his throat constrict, groaning loud, almost choking, raking his nails into Steve's skin.

When Steve let him go, Billy pulled off, all ragged gasps and haggard moans, saliva and cum *rolling* off his tongue. Panting and *snarling*, nose leaking and eyes wet, still stroking Steve off while he keened forward, grunting.

*Lashes fluttering, brows pinching* - Billy let out a gruff moan, and Steve

watched his *thighs tremble*.

A smile crept onto Steve's face. He let out a laugh, "Did you just—"

*Cream your pants?*

"Fuck, Harrington.." Billy huffed. Eyes wet, face flushed. He stroked himself over tight jeans, drawled out another haggard sigh. Flexed against his palm. "Favorite fuckin' - jeans, too.."

Steve smiled. Cheeky. Alcohol rounding out his nerves, made his world heavy and one-dimensional. "See? I'm a quick learner."

"Don't get cocky. You got the easy job."

*"Touché."*

Billy swallowed, hoarse. Body tensing again, and Steve could feel his heart pounding in his ears. Sex high and so drunk.

*Blissed out.*

Watched Billy ride out his orgasm with a cheeky smile. Couldn't take his eyes off the guy until Billy finally leaned forward, winded. Lashes fluttering, lips and face gone flush - red. He wiped at the corner of his

mouth and sighed.

And for a moment, the only the sounds that filled the room was their content breathing and Rolling Stones spinning on the record player.

Steve leaned back against the couch, closed his eyes. Let the white noise of the television and psychedelic rock lull him. His ears were ringing, blood still surging through - heart pounding in his throat.

Only opened his eyes when he heard a loud creak, felt weight pressing on the cushion next to him. He glanced over to watch Billy sprawl out on the couch. Legs spread, still catching his breath.

“Thanks, man, that was-“ Steve panted, “I mean. Wow.”

“Don’t thank me yet.” Billy drawled. Shifted his knee, spread his legs. “You’re still gonna show me what you learned.”

Steve’s lips parted. Gaped down at the wet patch seeping through Billy’s - obscenely tight jeans.

Billy tapped his temple, “While it’s still fresh, y’know.”

“Didn’t you already-“

“What, you think I can’t go again?” Billy smirked. Gestured with a toss of his head. “Don’t tell me King Steve taps out after one blow.”

“Wh-“ Steve’s eyes lit up. “No, no I’m not. I don’t. Never.”

“Good.” Billy grinned. Stretched and snaked through his coat pockets.

He whipped out a lighter. Then a joint. Absentmindedly fished out a condom, tossed it on the side table.

That distracted Steve just long enough for Billy to light up - right in the middle of the living room.

His parents are gonna kill him if they find out.

But Steve was captivated. Starstruck and slow, everything felt slow motion between all the beer he’d downed and the sharp aroma Billy struck.

Steve watched Billy bring it to his lips. Inhaled sharp, exhaled long and smooth - Tipping his head back to hack the rest out.

“Damn.” Steve breathed.

“What?” Billy’s brows raised. “You Hicks never seen grass before?”

“Shut up,” Steve scoffed. “No. Just - Wondering where you got it, that’s all.”

Billy smirked. Took note of Steve moving closer, dipping in. “Tommy-boy’s good for some things, and this?”

Billy slotted the joint between Steve’s lips.

“This is one of ‘em.”

“Mmh.” Steve inhaled. Exhaled, long and slow. Watched it wreath around Billy’s face with a lazy grin. “Well. If you want the hardest hitter, I’d recommend Byers.”

Billy raised his brows. “*Bowlhead Byers?*”

Steve laughed. “*Bowlhead Byers?*”

“Ain’t touchin’ *Byers* with a thirty foot pole, Harrington.” Billy chuckled, “*Fuck.*”

“Alright, alright.” Steve grinned. Coughed, just once or twice. “Well this is pretty good too. For free weed.”

“Free?” Billy barked. “Ohhh, no. You’re payin’ me back alright.”

“Yeah, yeah..” Steve mumbled. “Was gonna do that anyways, though.”

“Chivalrous.” Billy mocked. Bit his tongue and watched Steve take another hit - drank it all in. Billy smirked, wet his lip. “Just don’t get cottonmouth, pretty boy.” Billy said. “Want that pussy of a mouth nice and wet for me, understand?”

Steve licked his lips, whole body gone woozy. Lightheaded and airy. “Fuck.”

Steve’s whole body felt like liquid gold. Heavy and buzzing, melting into a puddle while he slipped onto the carpet below. Drunk and pliant, easily found himself between Billy’s legs. Distantly felt the weight of Billy’s hands leave his shoulders.

“Mmh.” Billy spread his legs for King Steve to kneel between. Offhandedly slipped the joint between his teeth in favor of abandoning his whole jacket altogether.

Steve watched the leather jacket go. Tossed carelessly onto the couch next to them. Brought his attention back to Billy, back to his thin blue polo, buttons so loose, Steve could see the expanse of Billy’s chest - Tan waxed skin. Gleaming with sweat. Shine that gathered between Billy’s tits, dripped down the line of his navel.

Steve rubbed his palms over Billy's jeans, rugged and soft - Senses heightened, could feel every synapse. Cologne and sex fogging his mind, drunk on the scent of him.

Steve ran his palms up Billy's waist, over the thin blue cotton. Tugged on the fabric a few times, but decided to go for the buttons instead. Sloppy but eager, thumbed the top one open slowly - As fast as his mind would let him. Popped open another one -

"Atta boy.." Billy hummed. Rolled his tongue, popped the remainder of the joint between his lips and arched into Steve's touch. "Fuck, Harrington.."

Steve glanced up only at the sound of him coughing, watched Billy take another hit while Steve massaged over his cock. Groaned out a cloud of smoke, easing and still hard under Steve's firm touch.

Steve inhaled deeply, got another whiff of Billy's aftershave. Wanted to taste it in the back of his throat, wanted to wake up with it lingering in his lungs. Worked up and woozy, so high on this feeling.

Nerves barely kicked in the back of his mind when he moved to unzip Billy's tight fly. Tugged.

"Careful." Billy chimed.

Steve glared. "I kno- oh."

Didn't know.

Didn't expect Billy's cock to spring in his face - just like that. Didn't expect Billy to go commando.

Billy chuckled. Helped Steve shuck down his jeans while Steve stared - watched Billy's cock tense under Steve's watchful gaze. Hard again, still sticky and wet from before.

Billy was - really big up close. Not as big as Steve, but - admittedly, wider. Looked intimidating from this angle. And yeah Steve's seen Billy in the locker rooms. Kind of knew what to expect but it's - everything's different, now. Up close, and- Well, hard.

Steve swallowed.

"Just remember what I taught you, princess." Billy purred.

Steve glared at him. Didn't need Billy's help. Could have done this on his own. It couldn't be that hard -

Steve licked his palm. Grabbed Billy's cock and stroked, watched his uncut skin gather and pull, pushed it back to press his lips to the tip of Billy's cock.

Pulled back, only to spit on the tip. Then moved in. Stretched his jaw, let the fat head of Billy's cock stretch his lips, glide over his tongue.

Above him, Billy let out a little chuckle. Shifted his legs apart. And when Billy's fingers glided through his hair, Steve's heart staggered. Didn't want to give Billy the satisfaction of making the first move, so.

Fuck it.

Steve clenched his thumb, sunk down deep - As deep as he could, and Billy let out a delighted moan - caught off guard. Then a cackle. Felt his fingers slide along his scalp. "Keg King Steve! Should'a known!" He laughed. "Can fit anything down your throat, can't you!"

Steve sunk as far as he could, pretty damn far - before his body caught up with his mind - Whole body jolting. Billy pulled him back. Eyes watering, heat pressing and gathering heavy between his legs when Billy's fingers tightened. Guided him up.

"Got some fire in you after all.." Billy hummed.

"Yeah?.." Steve breathed a laugh. "C'mon, buddy, give me something to choke on."

Stoked the fire.

Regretted it, almost instantly, while he watched Billy's face change

into something excited - sinister.

“You little shit.” Billy spoke through his teeth - through a smile. Emphasized every syllable - Glassy and dangerous, teeth sharp.  
“Alright.”

Steve shouldn’t have said it. Knew by the way Billy’s fingers tightened in his hair, the way his body tensed. But maybe Steve didn’t want Billy to go easy on him. Welcomed the way Billy’s touch grew stiff, gruff. The way he pulled and pushed -

Steve moaned out, eyes rolling when Billy glided his fingers along his scalp. Rubbed and tightened, fisting and pulling at the roots.

Billy huffed. Laughed, when Steve glared up at him. Stuffed to the brim. Just grabbed Billy’s waist, pulled up then sunk further.

Billy lolled his head back, drawling crisp laughter. Had one hand fisted in Steve’s hair, met him half way with brisk thrusts. Spread thighs, trembling.

Stroked through Steve’s bangs, fisted it back. Wanted to see his face, wanted to watch his fat cock stretch Steve’s pretty, red lips.

“Yeah, that’s it.” Billy purred, “Nice and deep for me, princess. Take it all.”

Steve moaned out, nose dripping. Gazed up at Billy with those big doe eyes, glistening and wet. Heavy and hooded. His cheeks hollowed out, and pleasure bloomed in Billy's belly. Growing taut, hot beneath his navel -

Steve hummed. Sucked at the head of Billy's cock, then made a face. Definitely got a mouthful of pre.

"Fuck, Harrington.." Billy grunted. Gripped the couch. Blooming. Billy clenched his teeth, tried to keep it at bay.

But Steve was humming, now. Moving faster, stroking himself off, too. Could hear the slick smacks of his palm, saw it in Steve's eyes - He was close. They both were, so-

"That's enough." Billy hummed.

But Steve kept going. Eyes halfway up his skull, still stroking himself along, and-

"Hey." Billy barked, "Said that's enough." He pulled Steve off by his hair, gazed in wonder at the way he whined - was leaking everywhere, drooling down his chin, tears streaming down his cheeks.

"Ouuuh- Jesus.." Steve groaned. Tried stretching out his jaw, tongue swiping over his lips.

“Hey.” Billy slapped his cheek. “You still in there?”

Steve nodded, exhaling a laugh, “Just-“

“May be *shit* on the court.” Billy rumbled, “But you’re a natural at taking dick.”

“Oh, great.” Steve mumbled, eyes still half way up his skull, “Tha’s great. Think I can put that on my resume?”

Billy chuckled. “Don’t know about that, pretty boy.”

Steve gazed down at Billy’s cock. Leaned in, but Billy yanked his hair again. Pulled him back.

“Christ.” Billy commented, “You’re such a slut.”

“Wh - Don’t you want me to-“

“Got other ideas.” Billy purred. “Come here.”

Steve glared at him.

*“Come. Here.”* Billy spoke through his teeth, gaze burning.

Steve haphazardly got to his feet. A little wobbly - hair strewn everywhere, pale skin shining with sweat. It was a good look on him.

Billy followed his coarse chest hair down - Down to where it thickened again and his dusty pink cock hung between the open fly of his jeans.

“Take those jeans off.” Billy said.

Didn’t have to tell Steve twice. He shucked his jeans down while Billy took him all in - eyes bouncing between all the freckles and moles on Steve’s pale skin.

Billy pursed his lips. Grabbed Steve’s wrist, pulled him in, and Steve went easy. Got in his lap. Knees pressing on either side of Billy’s hips, dipping the cushions and Billy exhaled against Steve’s weight - Real weight, lean and broad. Calloused hands on his shoulders, and the feeling of Steve’s heavy cock sliding against his own.

Billy met Steve halfway and swept down. Kissed his jaw, bit his neck. Lapped and sucked until Steve was rutting in his lap, and Billy was so close to just - grabbing Steve’s waist and slipping his cock in him. Would go so easy, already putty and pliant -

He wet his lips. Glanced up at Steve while he slid his palm over Steve's ass. Gave one cheek a squeeze, and Steve tensed. "You ever fuck anyone in the ass, King Steve." Billy drawled. Casual.

"Wh- Uh." Steve blinked. Shook his head, like the question jarred old memories. "Fucked - Carol in the ass once." Steve spilled. Too drunk for boundaries.

"Carol?" Billy said, "Ain't she Tommy's bitch?"

"Yeah, shes, ah-" Steve said, "She's Tommy's girl, but they still still get around, y'know. Share each other and all. So."

"Perfectly good pussy, why'd you fuck her ass?" Billy pressed.

"Well, I just-" Steve shrugged, "I dunno. Wanted to."

Billy cocked his brow.

"Tommy suggested it."

Billy leaned in. "*Tommy?*"

"He was there," Steve rubbed his lip. Rushed out a, "*Wantedtowatch.*"

At that, Billy broke into a shit-eating grin. Threw his head back and laughed.

“What?”

“Mmh. Nothing.” Billy buzzed. Changed the subject. “You liked it, though?”

“Uh..” Steve’s lips curved into a wry smile, “Yeah, who wouldn’t.”

“Feels good, huh.” Billy agreed. “Nice and tight.”

Steve’s cock jumped at the tone of Billy’s voice, the mere suggestion, the memory all at once. Rushing back and flooding his mind, and -

“Why do you ask.” Steve raised his brows. Not naïve in the slightest. He let his hands wander, stroked up Billy’s shoulders. “You like it too, Hargrove?”

Billy let out a breathless laugh. Shook his head, airy. Didn’t have a comeback. Didn’t expect that. Needed to get the ball back in his court as soon as possible.

But Steve was quicker this time.

“I mean, yeah, I guess you wouldn’t be here if you didn’t.” Steve rambled.

Billy’s jaw tightened. “Watch it, Harrington.” He rumbled.

Steve reached for the table. Grabbed the condom Billy had tossed there.

“That why you brought this?”

Billy smiled. Then his grin broke into laughter, leaving Steve stunned. Confused.

“Knew you were a fag.” Billy hummed.

“Wh- Shut up, man.” Steve glared. Defiant, like he had a moment of clarity. “Told you I’ve never done this with a guy.”

Billy bit his tongue with gleeful vigor. “What’s the plan then, Harrington? You just gonna stick your dick in me and pretend you’re pounding Princess Wheeler’s pussy? Huh?”

Steve’s beautiful gaze suddenly grew fierce. Angry. He shoved Billy’s chest with a brisk, “Don’t talk about her like that.”

Billy rolled back against the couch. Nose tipped to the ceiling, drawling out laughter. A guttural cackle, like he was having the time of his life.

Steve pushed his hair back. Confused at best.

“I’m fucking with you, Harrington! *Jesus!*” He grinned. “Loosen up.”

Steve’s brows pressed together. He looked down at Billy with big brown eyes. Too drunk for this shit, too horny to be angry.

But his heart lurched when Billy grabbed his wrist. Pulled him close. “I already know you’re gonna be thinking of me... You *have been* - this entire time.”

Steve shoved back, and Billy chuckled. Strengthened his grip, this time he grabbed Steve’s shirt. Pulled and yanked it over his head.

“Shit, man,” Steve breathed. Hair sticking up, looked like he forgot where he was for a second or two.

Found himself with his lips pressed against Billy’s. Shoving him down, sprawling him against the couch. Took note of Billy’s guttural moan - the fist in his hair, the ache in his balls. Every instinct igniting with Billy’s body pressing beneath him. Grinding. Pulling and thrusting, and Steve fought to stay afloat.

Billy was a rip current. Nails digging in Steve's back, strong legs clenching around his back. Violent and dangerous, couldn't break free.

Just needed to ride it out.

Steve moaned out. His cock gave an impatient kick, and Steve broke away. Gasped for air, left Billy to loll his head to the side. Still chuckling.

Steve reached for the condom, still resting on the table. This time, he inspected the packet. Then he ripped it open, made a face.

"What." Billy prompted.

"Have you been keeping this thing in your wallet for years, or what, man."

"Mmh?"

"This." Steve said, waving the old condom. He inspected it with a squint. "Thought Billy Hargrove has a date every night.. The Hell is this? It's gonna break any second, man."

Billy snorted. "Don't normally use 'em."

Steve barked a laugh, brows raised. “*Careful*, Hargrove. I was a pull-out baby..”

“Yeah, well-“ Billy huffed. “Maybe I don’t want to go all the way with these Hawkins cows, alright.”

“Hawkins cows?”

Billy looked irritated. “The girls.”

Steve frowned. Shrugged.

“We don’t need to use it.” Billy decided.

“I, ah-“ Steve gestured over his shoulder, “I got some in my room, I can-“

Billy tugged Steve’s hair. Effectively made him shut up. “*Said* we don’t need it.”

“Oh, uh,” Steve shook away his bubbling excitement with a cool shrug. “Yeah, sure, just- Watch the hair, man, alright?”

Billy chuckled. Warmer, this time. Was kinda cute. In a - deranged sort of way.

He let go of Steve's hair, sure. But instead he swept them over, pressed his fingers down on Steve's tongue.

Steve made a face. Closed his mouth around Billy's digits. Gaze never leaving his.

Billy pulled his fingers out. "You want a bonus lesson?"

"Uh, I dunno." Steve chose his words carefully. Bright enough to know where this was going. "You... Gonna have me demonstrate again?"

Billy pretended to think, then shrugged. "Think it's best if you take a rain check on this one."

"Okay, yeah." Steve said. "Sure."

Then Billy lifted his leg. Steve gazed down, curious and shameless, basked in the sight. Billy was - wow.

So different from Nancy. So different from all the girls he's had before. Firm and dense - had taut muscle that rippled beneath tan skin, pulling taut when Billy drew his leg up.

Billy let out a ragged sigh. Glided his wet fingers down, brushed them over his hole.

And God, Steve's vision blurred when Billy pushed inside. So turned on, his cock ached at the sight. Watched in slack-jawed awe while Billy pushed the first finger in. Quickly added a second, grunting at the brisk addition.

"Spit." Billy instructed.

"Wh-?" Steve dug his fingers into the couch. Tried not to float away.

"Said *spit*," Billy gestured with his chin. "Gimme something to work with here, Harrington."

Okay, yeah, Steve was definitely going to float away. His jaws were already sore and heavy with saliva. Watering like a fucking dog, so Steve bent over. Pushed the underside of Billy's leg up and spat on Billy's hole.

"Mmh," Billy pulled his fingers out, circled slowly, slipped back inside. Easier this time. "More."

Steve did it again. And this time, Billy added a third finger. Added it like it was nothing, like he did it all the time. Pushed in so deep, thighs twitching when he bottomed out.

“Good..” Billy hummed.

Started thrusting. Curling his fingers, barely pulled them out at all, just fucked himself nice and deep.

“Mmh..” Billy groaned. Heavy gaze never leaving Steve’s. He smirked, watching Steve’s gaze light up when he thrusted faster - worked up a slick smacking sound that got Steve fidgeting. Sounded like a real bitch.

"You ever done this, King Steve?" Billy asked.

Steve shook his head.

"Well, c'mon and give it a shot."

“Jesus.” Steve huffed. Had Steve aching and impatient, and- “Okay, hang on.” Steve said.

And Billy stared, perplexed when Steve learned over the side of the couch. Started feeling around, underneath, behind, until he finally popped back up. Bottle of lube in-hand.

“*What the hell*, Harrington.” Billy huffed. “You keep that shit handy? Just jerk off wherever you want?”

Steve shrugged. "Got the house to myself all weekend,"

Billy grunted. Gestured with his chin. "Go on, then. Give me some of that. Fuck."

Steve gazed down. Squeezed the lube over Billy's fingers, watched him pull out - thrust back inside. So fucking wet now.

Then Billy slipped his fingers out, guided Steve closer, guided him in. Let out a delighted groan when Steve's first finger pushed inside him, quickly followed by a second. "That's it..:

Impatient, Steve quickly added another. Impressed by how easily Billy took him in, arched for him. Wanted *more*.

Steve curled his fingers, watching Billy's sneer melt and melt, and his eyes steadily roll back into his skull. Steve thrusted quick and deep, lube popping and spreading all over.

"Christ, Harrington-" Billy groaned. His cock gave a slow twitch, heavy and leaking all over his taut belly.

Steve exhaled heavily, watched his fingers pump in and out of Billy. Lube dripped and popped between his fingers, making a mess -

And Billy groaned. Grinning down at Steve, spitting brash praises which did *nothing* to slow the heartbeat pounding in Steve's throat, in his cock.

And Steve couldn't take it anymore. So he pulled out. Ran his palms up Billy's waist. Hooked him in, leaned over.

Let their bellies brush, chests slide, and Billy let out a dangerous chuckle when Steve pinned him to the couch.

"Taking *charge* now, huh?" Billy commented, "I like it."

"Gonna make you feel so good." Steve promised. Entire body burning, on fire for him. So taut and heavy, needed this so badly.

Steve kissed him. Messy and wet, full of lust, spurred on and driven mad. Offhandedly, Steve stroked the rest of the lube over his cock. Copious and so slick, lined up and teased Billy with blunt presses and circles.

"Fuck." Billy breathed. Dug his nails into Steve's back cause he just pushed right in, eyes rolling when Harrington just kept going and going - Felt like he was gonna burst from pressure. Never felt so fucking full.

"God- Fuck-" Billy hissed. "Yeah.."

Steve gaped in delight. Eyes glassy, pleasure blooming all over just at the mere heat - clench - of Billy's broad body.

Balls deep, Steve paused. A wave of sweat swept over his body - every instinct begging him to let loose -

Billy chuckled. Slapped Steve's ass and mumbled a brisk, "Get to work, King Steve."

"Fuck." Steve breathed. Buried his face in Billy's neck and started pumping. Thrusting into that velvety heat. "You're so beautiful.." he slurred.

Couldn't stop the hitches and moans that rumbled in his chest -

Billy was so tight, so wet and warm. Felt so fucking amazing, he could barely keep his eyes open.

"Fuck, Harrington," Billy sighed. Overtaken by the slow pace, by the loving and gentle thrusts. Expected Steve to be *rough*.

Wanted him to be rough. Couldn't catch himself *dreamin'* about the guy or anything, so - "*Harder*." Billy instructed.

"H'oh, *God-*" Steve breathed. He grit his teeth, speeding up and hard and *heavy* thrusts - slaps, *balls deep* inside Billy Hargrove. "Fuck-"

"Yeah!" Billy huffed. Legs shaking, whole body coming alive. Couldn't speak, couldn't think - Just Steve, Steve *Steve* -

Fucking him so hard, so deep. Almost wished Steve would slow down, cause with vigor like this - Now Billy's *really gonna be dreamin' about him.*

Steve white-knuckled Billy's waist. Held him tight, thrusted and thrusted into that tight heat. Felt Billy keen and buckle beneath him, sweaty back grinding against his chest. Groaning and gasping, fingers digging creases into expensive leather -

He tugged Billy's hair back, reveled in the way his jaw dropped open - Let out such harsh and haggard moans, and -

Steve rocked Billy in. Pounded him deep, hilted him with every thrust - Gone sloppy and messy with so much lube. Balls practically sticking to Billy's skin with lube and sweat, barely pulling out at all before shoving back inside.

They moaned in tandem, and Steve's skin flushed from exertion. Heat, desire, all wound up and building, building inside him.

And Billy gritted his teeth, lids fluttering. Tensing and moaning out.

"There-" Billy hitched. Eyes *watering*. "Ah- *Fuck*, Harrington, yeah!-"

Billy white-knuckled the couch, thighs trembling while Steve held him in place. Fucked into him so good, Billy's lashes fluttered - Eyes rolling.

“Fffuck, Harrington, I’m-“

“*Gonna cum,*” Steve breathed, “Fuck, I’m gonna cu- *Hah!-*“

Steve tensed his grip, fucked Billy so good, white hot pleasure started building in his navel, so heavy in his balls.

Billy’s eyes widened. Blind-sighted by how hot he’d gotten, couldn’t hold back. Couldn’t even try -

“Fuck, Billy-“ Steve breathed, and -

Started to pull out, but Billy *locked* his legs around Steve’s back. Fought back. Took him *deep*, and -

“Don’t stop-“ Billy snapped. Was jerking himself off, now, *fast*. Bitng his tongue and- “Just - Just *cum inside-*“

*And oh, God, that did something to Steve.*

“Fuck- Really?”

“Yeah-“

And Steve’s teeth gritted. Slammed back inside Billy and the guy *cried out*. Arched his back, bursted *all over* his stomach, and that was it for Steve.

Couldn’t last a second longer, wouldn’t dare to try with Billy *clenching* around him like that. White hot pleasure gripped Steve’s body, paralyzed him in place. He held Billy tight, whole body clenching. Eyes rolling in ecstasy, kept *thrusting* into that tight, velvety heat while Billy rode his own high, moaning out beneath him.

Felt Steve groan and hilt, and Billy’s cock twitched. Clenching tight, kept coming.

“Oh - god,” Steve panted. Billy went limp beneath him. Panting and hitching, and - *laughing*.

“H-ohh, *fuck!*” Billy drawled. Clenched to feel every inch of Steve, slipping in and out. Filling him up, dripping hot down his legs - Pushed all the way in again. He grit his teeth. “Mmh...”

“*Fuck..*” Steve huffed. He held Billy’s waist, kept thrusting into that wet heat, so sloppy and loud now - bursting and slipping down Billy’s thighs.

“Mm!-“ Billy held on tight, nose crinkling, body shaking. Let Steve lean on him, whole body drawn taut while Billy drawled a laugh. Hitching and groaning, clenched the couch when Steve tensed. Sped up again.

“Steve..” Billy drawled - *Worshipped*.

Steve gritted his teeth. Just came, but wasn’t finished yet. Still burning, so pent up, still had *more* to give -

Billy exhaled shakily. Skin shimmering with sweat, hair damp - sticking to his forehead, his neck. He drawled thick laughter, met Steve’s fire with fire. Bared his teeth, lashes fluttering while Steve kept driving, pounding - Sloppy and *soaked*, felt Steve’s first load dripping and rolling down his legs, stuffed, and Harrington’s still not satisfied.

“Christ, Harrington - *Yeah!*” Billy hissed. Sensitive and worn, snarling when Steve picked up the pace again. Ruttet Billy into the couch, fingers lacing, rhythm faltering-

Steve’s eyes widened. Grabbed Billy tight - Clenched his broad waist, kneaded his ass with the other. Pulled, thrusted, balls deep and couldn’t get enough.

Billy gripped the couch, sweating and chuckling - Lashes fluttering at the heat, and anticipation -

“Oh my god,” Steve panted, “I’m cu- *H-ahh!*”

Billy’s eyes widened when Steve hilted him. Let out a delirious cackle when Steve stiffened - moaned out. Coming again.

Billy huffed, drawled loose laughter while Steve held him down. Had fucked him sore. Already stuffed full, heat dripping and leaking while Steve held him firm - pumped out another load.

“King Steve...” Billy praised.

Steve let out a heavy sigh. Collapsed against Billy’s chest. Panting, sweaty and satiated. Didn’t want to move. Didn’t think he could.

So they stayed that way.

And Billy savored the stretch - the heat. The feeling of Steve so heavy on top of him - *filling him up* -

“*Mmh..*” Billy drawled. Inhaled sharply when Steve brushed his hair aside - pressed his face in the nape of Billy’s neck.

Steve pulled out, slowly, and Billy groaned. Felt Harrington’s load spurt and drip, wet and warm down his thighs. Still so full, *belly gone warm with it*. Briefly wondered how Steve had managed to avoid

knocking Wheeler up with a finish like that.

“Jesus, fuck...” Billy panted. Chuckled. *Starstruck*. “Get off me.”

Steve rolled off. Spread out on the other cushion, body glistening with sweat. Dazed, kept blinking like he was finally realizing what he'd done but too satiated to do much more than yawn - stretch and smile.

\*\*

It wasn't long before Steve was standing at the doorway - Fully clothed with Billy - Watching him fit on his jacket, fit up his sleeves.

“You sure you gotta go so soon?” Steve asked. Hand on his hip. Just trying to fill the silence, but accidentally let his yearning slip.

It earned him a sigh from Billy. “I told you, Harrington. My old man wakes up and finds my car gone, I'm dead.”

Steve frowned. “Yeah, I know. Hey, uh. You - Do you want a glass of water or something?”

Billy's brow raised.

“To, ah - To help you sober up. You know. Before you drive.”

“M fine, Harrington.” Billy scoffed. “Don’t even feel a buzz.”

Steve stood up. Stumbled a little, “Let me get you one.”

Idly, Billy glanced at the clock. “I really should go.”

“For the road!” Steve insisted. He rounded and sprinted for the kitchen.

A playful smile pulled at Billy’s lips. He leaned against the wall, arms crossing, and watched Steve disappear into the next room.

“Alright, Joel Goodsen!” Billy called, “You gonna pay up, too?”

“Oh, shove off!”

**Author's Note:**

Thank you so much for reading!!

If you liked it and would like to see more from me,  
please leave kudos and/or a comment!

I read all of them, and greatly appreciate it!

SaberGhatz ♡